

TRIALS of the NEEDLES

Myunyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, grip or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorating instead of weakening. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Myunyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. **MYUNYON'S, 834 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Myunyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Myunyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

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FASHION HINTS



Long lines and extreme simplicity make this charming gown of chiffon velvet. A heavy silk mesh insertion four inches wide, is the only trimming used.

It Saves Them.

The American has the saving grace of humor. Seldom in the real pinch does it fall to come to the uppermost and get a good laugh out of what men born under other skies would construe as nothing else than a fight. The "head gent" of a t. t. show playing at Holton recently handed out a warm one to the audience. There was so much going on in Holton that night that the theatrical business suffered, but the aforesaid "gent" seemed to think that the people did not appreciate the high-class histrionic art served up by the company. He frankly stated in a certain speech that in his opinion the plays presented were too refined for Holton. "But," he added, "we will try to get down to your level by presenting 'The Whole Dam Family,' which does not contain a sensible line. I think this play will appeal to you."

"The audience," says Frank Jarrell, in telling the matter, "instead of getting mad and lynching the actor, saw the funny side of the case and laughed long and loud at him. He didn't say any more."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Only Course.

Lady Anne Lindsay, the author of the old poem, "Auld Robin Gray," was not only a delightful conversationalist, but she was a great story teller. This gift made her not only a welcome guest abroad, but a valuable member of the home circle, for it is related in "A Group of Scottish Women" that at a dinner party which she was giving to some friends an old man servant caused some amusement by saying in a perfectly audible undertone: "My lady, you must tell another story. The second course won't be ready for five minutes."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

75c Guaranteed

Waistcoats for Dogs.

Fancy cold weather waistcoats for pet dogs, made by experienced tailors, is the announcement that meets the eye in a London west-end shop. These waistcoats are made in all the latest colors and of the finest materials. They are braided and beautifully finished, and must take hours to manufacture. Charms in the shape of mirrors, they brush with the dog's monogram on the back, and silver beads are other novelties advertised for dog wear.

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER VIII.

The warrant was served on the Harcourts that morning at six o'clock. Out of consideration for Mrs. Harcourt, whom her husband claimed was delicate, and who really looked as fragile as a piece of porcelain, the Harcourts were not removed to the jail but a coroner of sleuths was appointed to patrol their apartments. The hotel management was sorely wroth, and tried to insist upon the departure of the Harcourts, but Harcourt came down handsomely with an enormous amount of cash, and the mollified management became less censorious. Early that afternoon, Mrs. Harcourt fell very ill with a seemingly malignant fever, and her long residence in India, as her husband said, there was a brief preliminary hearing at 2:30 in the Harcourt apartments.

"My name is Harold Harcourt, and I live in the Hill district, in India," attested the witness, when called. "I am 35 years of age and have been married to my wife for the past six years. She is 24, and we have been traveling for her health during the past two years, following the accidental drowning of our baby son. My wife's mind has never been perfectly clear since the harrowing moment when she pulled our dead son out of the clutches of a treacherous pool, not fifty feet from her bedroom window. At the advice of physicians, we have gone from country to country, seeking novelty and change, hoping to restore her to her normal state. My occupation? Why, I have none. I receive a large income from inherited properties, so does my wife, and jointly we own several rich diamond mines. We never saw the young woman, Miss Lancey, I believe her name is, at all. I am positive my wife never did until last evening. Why we should be held like this is incomprehensible to me. On this card you will find the names of a number of diamonds and Calcutta firms, who will give you any references of me you may desire."

"The night of the murder of Cerise Wayne we were in Milwaukee as our hotel bills and receipts will show. The following afternoon late we arrived and went to the Directors Hotel. That evening I was trying to explain to my wife some changes in my contemplation in my Indian estate and was sketching the plans with the idea of keeping her amused, as she had been particularly fretful and nervous all day. The room was close, and insufficiently ventilated, and the window pipes, so we had raised the window wide and flung high the shade. I drew out my wallet to get a memorandum and in doing so pulled out by accident a little photograph of my wife that I always carry with me, and some important papers. The wind sent the curtain flying and whisked these papers out of my hand. I hurried to the window and saw them light on an opposite fire escape and tried to recover them. As the hotel clerk has probably told you the papers were not recovered."

"Now, my dear gentlemen, that my wife and I will be referred to proceed without any further reference to the indignities in this most undesirable affair."

"Wasn't there a letter dropped out of your wallet?" asked Larry Morris, stepping forward. "If you please, I'd like to submit two exhibits in evidence. The first is a photograph of the letter that had been blown from the fire escape and proceeded to relate how they had been acquired. Harcourt's face flushed with pleasure at sight of the photograph. When the letter was handed to him he paled, whether with fright or with anger, was indistinguishable."

"This is an insult," he hissed. "What's your wife's name, Mr. Harcourt?" asked the court. "My wife? Her name? Mrs. Harcourt, of course."

"Her first name?" "Cerise."

"Did you ever see this letter before?"

The hotel register was brought into the room, and as expert testimony went to the effect that the signature on the register tallied with the conformation of the writing not only on the letter that had been picked up in the court-room, but with those found in the Wayne death chamber, Mr. Harcourt was requested to make copies of the documents and hand them to the court. He did this with great trepidation, but the results were very unlike the originals.

A movement was begun to prove that Mr. Harcourt had painfully disguised his writing and the matter was thrown to the experts again.

The man's garter Johnny Johnson had picked up in the closet of Mrs. Wayne's room, and a second one, only too plainly its mate, in the same gold-trimmed and amethyst design, marked with the initial "H," that had been found inside the threshold of the Flanders house at 94 Briarsweet place, were shown to Harcourt. He discerned these emphatically and declared he had never seen either of them before.

Larry Morris, sworn next, told of the reasons for Betty's visiting the Harcourt apartments—displaying several photographs and sketches that had been made of the late Mrs. Wayne, remarking on the great similarity between the appearance of the two women, and begging the court to see for itself.

With Harcourt indignantly fuming, a comparison between the living woman and the photograph was made. Mrs. Harcourt was in a comatose state and as she lay prostrate on the wide bed, death pale and with her hair half unbound, the inquest of the preceding day rose like a mirage! The quick and the dead seemed one.

Harcourt was bound over till the fall term of court. No count was found against his wife.

CHAPTER IX.

When, two days later, Mr. Henry D. Franz, of Franz, Doubleday & Co., Bankers, San Francisco, California, arrived, the Wayne murder mystery—and the unaccountable disappearance of Betty Lancey—was still in a chaotic and unsolvable state. Likewise the Man-Aperilla. His going was like his coming—unseen by man, unknown and

the box, addressed to Mrs. Wayne and signed, 'Your Fond Father.' Here is a copy of it:

"My Dear Daughter—It is with great despair that I urge upon you again, the necessity for finding your brother Francis, and securing from him the route to the Tougaley Mines. He is the only living soul who has this knowledge. His refusal to divulge the information to me is but another proof of his unamoral and unliberal attitude. I must insist that you find Francis and make him tell you the location of the lost fields. Cease seeking your will of the wispy ideal—your foolish love. Find Francis instead and having found him return home to Hackley as soon as possible. He is growing uncontrollably jealous of you, and not only threatening your life, but mine, and that of the children, too. They are both well, but Paula has had much trouble with her throat since the rains began. I'm afraid she will never be well in this climate. Do not misunderstand me, Hackley is where you cannot fight with him any longer, and the demands on our money have been so great that unless we get hold of the new fields, we will be poverty-stricken at the end of the year. I wish you would quit your gaming. I do not mean less wealthy, mind you, but practically poor. Reflect what this means. Cerise, seek out Francis, find him if possible, and by all means make him draw you a chart or map of those famous and almost forgotten fields. Take care of yourself, my daughter. With much love,

"Your Fond Old Father."

"That straightened it all out for us nicely now," chattered Hank Smith's voice on the air. "Hamley Hackley is Cerise Wayne's husband, and Wayne must have been her maiden name. Evidently she didn't love Hackley, and she ran away to love somebody else and to find out who she had married, I don't believe she ever loved Hackley. Now if the whole bunch of them lived in Africa, I'd believe that the Man-Aperilla is a trained ape, a sort of body servant that followed along after the husband. He traced her here to the Dealer house, leased the Flanders home, and then called her surreptitiously. I don't believe Hubby ever went to murder his little wife, but she got into a family row because Wife didn't want to go home with Hubby, and in the fracas that followed wife got the worst of it, and by the way—here Hank's voice sank to a whisper—'I wonder if she really was dead or only drugged? And have any of you noticed the similarity between the names 'Hamley Hackley' and 'Harold Harcourt?'"

"You reason like a woman, Hank," growled Larry Morris. "You're contradictory from the start."

"Perhaps."

(To be continued.)

STUDIES AMERICAN WAYS.

Syrian Girl Learns to Wear Corsets and Hat After Severe Trial.

Betrothed seven years ago in her Syrian home to William Bofysal, now of this city, 18-year-old Mary Abraham has arrived here from over seas to marry him, the Owosso (Mich.) correspondent of the Detroit News says. But marriage is a serious business in Syria. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," is interpreted literally there. So William and Mary are sensibly preparing themselves for matrimony so that no mistake shall be made and their lives ruined.

It is really a trial betrothal. William is fond of America; he will never go back to the "old country" to live; so it is necessary that his wife be also acquainted with American ways, and also be given time to decide whether she will be satisfied here. With forethought Bofysal has arranged for the bride a course in domestic science in domestic science, and the wedding will undoubtedly take place within a few weeks.

Mary arrived about three weeks ago. She was still clad in the picturesque garments of the fatherland. She wore bright-colored bodice and skirt, and wooden sandals. Her crinkly, abundant black hair was bare. She had never worn a hat.

Bofysal has relatives here in the dry goods business, and the wife of one of these relatives undertook the task of getting the newcomer into American clothing. Mary had never seen a corset, much less worn one, and she screamed with pain and fright when the lady and a girl clerk began lacing up the stays: "O-oh! It is hurting my heart!" in a few days she became reconciled to it, as she has to a becoming hat which was purchased for her. At first she said with a willful pout: "I have never worn a hat, and I won't wear one now! I hate anything on my head!"

Miss Abraham is studying the American way of keeping house in the home of an American family in this city. She speaks no English, and they do not, of course, understand her language, but by means of signs and a few phrases which each has added to the common vocabulary, they get along famously. The girl calls the man of the house "papa," as she has heard his daughter do, and calls his wife "mamma." The groom-elect comes each evening and is delighted at the progress which she proudly recounts to him.

The colloquial name for the aristocracy in Mary's home town—which is Andara, Lebanon—is "Turkey." So her state of mind can be dimly imagined when Mr. Bofysal chanced to remark the other day that they would have "turkey" for Christmas dinner. Earnest and repeated explanation, in which everybody in the house took part, was necessary before Mary grasped the fact that Americans are not addicted to cannibalism. In fact, only a slight of the bird which was to grace the feast day could allay the last lingering suspicion.

Kissing Privileges Barred.

George Shute of New Jersey, has just been bound over under a heavy penalty for kissing his wife against her will. Justice Ware warned the man not to kiss his wife again without first obtaining her consent.

National Differences.

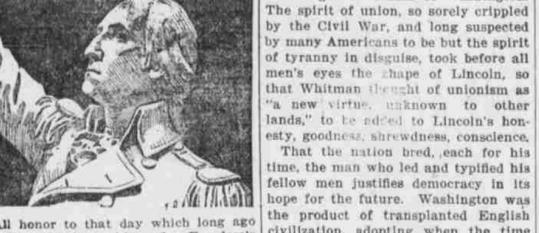
"Chinamen are very different from us in one thing, ain't they, pop?" "In a great many, but what's your one?" "Why, if a Chinaman don't get a yellow-jacket on him, he's stung."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PUZZLE.



FIND LITTLE GEORGE, THE HATCHET AND THE CHOPPED-DOWN CHERRY TREE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



All honor to that day which long ago gave birth to him who Freedom's cause espoused; Who, by his ardor in the sacred fight, The fire and strength of patriots aroused; Who knew no master, save that One living; Whose strength was his, who knew no fear, save one— The fear of doing wrong! All hail the day That gave to Freedom's cause George Washington!

Years come and go, and generations fall Into the dust. The world its heroes gives. They step upon the stage, then pass away And are no more, but Freedom ever lives. And while it lives, and while its banner bright Is upward flung into the golden sun, Within the heart of every freeman's child Will live that honored name, George Washington.

Then honor to the day that gave him birth, For it is also Freedom's natal day. Let all who worship Freedom's cause stand forth And to his memory their homage pay. And let each loyal son the work take up— For, know ye, Freedom's work is never done— And greater, grander, build the edifice Begun so long ago by Washington. —Arthur B. Burdick.

When George Became a Mason.

One of the interesting evidences that George Washington is not a myth is the record of his becoming a Mason. Fredericksburg lodge, No. 4, has been in existence since 1752, and in the vaults are the original documents showing that George was initiated as a Mason on the 4th of November, 1752; he passed to the Fellow Craft degree March 8, 1753, and was raised to Master Mason Aug. 4, 1753. The entry on the journal reads as follows: 4th August, 1753, which day, the lodge being present, transactions of the evening are: George Washington, raised Mason, Thomas James entered an apprentice.

Another interesting bit of corroboration as to the existence of such a person as George Washington is the will made by his mother. This interesting document is still part of the records to be seen at the Fredericksburg city hall. Few people see any of these historical treasures, however, as only men of strong physique are able to endure the bed and board of Fredericksburg's one hotel. The will, after the solemn introduction, refers as follows to the Father of His Country: "Imprints: I give to my son, Gen. George Washington, all land in Accokeek run, in the county of Stafford, and also my negro boy George, to him and his heirs forever. Also my best bed, bedstead and Virginia cloth curtains (the same that stands in my best bedroom), my quilted blue and white quilt, and my best dressing glass."

Washington and Lincoln.

Happy is the nation whose mightiest events are grouped about great personalities, knowable, humanly complete, heart-satisfying. In them is embodied the spirit of the historical movements they commanded. Through them the best ideals of their contemporaries are clear to us. Their biographies are national epics.

Without Washington America, by weight of growing nationality, would have parted sooner or later from the mother country. Fifty years ago the forces that tended to national unity were stronger than those that made for disunion, and in the end unity must have prevailed, even without Lincoln. But in Washington and Lincoln are concentrated the meaning of the nation's great triumphs. The young

Noncommittal.

Tourist—So you knew George Washington? Is it true that he never told a lie?

Uncle Ephraim—Well, if he did, such he done and gone and told it in such a way dat it sounded preackly laik de trufe!

A Business Proposition

If you have Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Constipation you can get relief and cure by using

FIX TABLETS

They will prevent that distressed and uncomfortable feeling after eating, bad breath and belching. Fix Tablets make eating a pleasure instead of a torture. To prove our claims let us send you a FREE sample and a valuable booklet on Stomach and Bowel Troubles. Address

Johnson Chemical Co., 2438 N. Clark St. CHICAGO, ILL.

\$21,000 estab. harness business for sale or trade for clear land. N. W. Harness & Saddlery Co., 314 Pearl, Sioux City, Ia.

Afflicted with THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Sore Eyes, use THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

A Matter of Dietion.

In all its phases of development, language has its niceties, and the fine shadings in the meaning of words current in different communities, between which at first glance there might seem to be little chance, are sometimes well worth consideration.

No one gifted with even a modicum of sympathetic imagination could fail to be touched by this plaint from a hard-working, motherly woman, born and bred on a farm in one part of Missouri, and now summoned by destiny to prepare the meals of a household of miners in another section of the same state.

"Here I stand the whole day through," she said, sadly, "boiling and sweating over the hot stove, trying to fix up something tasty to fill up the stomachs of a lot o' men-folks, and then they up and call my good grub 'chuck!'"

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money returned. 50c.

The Fasting France.

In the grounds of Dalhousie castle, Scotland, is said to be a famous example of the sympathy of the vegetable world with human death. It was anciently believed in the neighborhood that a branch always fell from this oak when a member of the family died. Apparently the fall of the original tree early in the eighteenth century did not break the sympathy, for a new one sprang from the old root, and it is upon record that as lately as 1874 an old forester, seeing a branch fall from this on a still day, cried, "The laird's deed no!" News of the eleventh Earl of Dalhousie's death soon followed.

WHEN YOUR JOINTS ARE STIFF

and muscles sore from cold, rheumatism or neuralgia, who will tell you of the relief afforded by Furry Davis Painkiller. The home remedy 50 years.

Bothwell and Queen Mary.

Dunrobin castle, in Scotland, was the scene of a discovery a few years ago of a document relating to Mary Queen of Scots, which had it seen the light when poor Mary Stuart was about to commit the crowning act of folly in marrying Bothwell, would have changed the whole aftercourse of her life. The document was the original dispensation granted by the vatican to Lady Jane Gordon to enable her to marry her cousin, the earl of Bothwell. When the latter wanted to espouse his sovereign he declared his union with Lady Jane Gordon null and void on the ground of their relationship and obtained a divorce. The assumption is that Lady Bothwell was only too glad to get rid of the aristocratic blackguard she called husband, for she must have had the dispensation, the production of which would have made her marriage valid and prevented Mary's taking place. That she had it is proved by its being found in the charter room at Dunrobin, where it had lain for three centuries, and whither she doubtless brought it on her second marriage in 1573 to Alexander, earl of Sutherland, ancestor of the dukes of Sutherland.

A Fussy Set.

"What's all this talk about boycotting Dick Bannerman?" "Haven't you heard? He was seen kissing the cook!" "The cook! Why, good gracious, man, Dick's wife does her own cooking."

"Does she? I didn't know that. But that doesn't let him out."

"Why not?"

"In our set it is considered very bad form for gentlemen to kiss their wives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes from Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can? That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." There's a Reason.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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